MacArthur's War with London—*Andrew Roth*

THE Nation

September 9, 1950

What Russia Tells Itself

I. War, Peace, and the U. S. A.

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

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Ray of Hope in the U. N.

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 171 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • SEPTEMBER 9, 1950 NUMBER 11

The Shape of Things

AFTER NEARLY SEVEN WEEKS OF BITTER wrangling Congress prepared to pass a compromise version of the Administration's defense-production bill, giving the President powers to control credit, as a check to inflation, and to allocate scarce materials for war needs. A joint House-Senate conference committee knocked out most of the crippling amendments originally written in by the Senate. These included the Johnson amendment to make Secretary of Commerce Sawyer the virtual boss of war production and the Wherry-Bricker amendment to require full-scale price, wage, and rationing controls instead of selective price controls, on the wholesale level, for critical materials in short supply. The conference committee succeeded in eliminating even the special guaranty of a "reasonable" profit for meat processors—a similar guaranty gave extraordinary benefits to packinghouse operators throughout World War II—and in that sense the bill is better than the inflation-control measure of 1941-45. It still contains provisions that practically assure increases in food prices, however, through guaranties to farmers, and final adoption has been seriously delayed by Congressional insistence on authorizing retail-price and wage controls in addition to the relatively narrow powers requested by the Administration. It seems clear, nevertheless, that in broadening the bill the legislators have been responding to a genuine public demand. The country no doubt hopes that rationing and full-scale retail-price controls will prove unnecessary, but Congressional mail heavily supports the enactment of permissive powers.

*

THE PRESIDENT WILL BE WELL ADVISED IF, in recognition of the support for whatever anti-inflation measures prove necessary, he promptly authorizes agreement on a flexible system of wage controls to go into effect if and when retail-price controls become essential. John L. Lewis despises the idea and Philip Murray hesitates to indorse it, but wage controls of some sort are an inescapable part of a general anti-inflation program. If the Administration should delay formulation of an equitable system, the field would be left open to the Wherrys and Brickers, whose notion of the way to handle wage problems is to freeze workers' earnings after prices have already risen. Wages, generally speaking, cannot be altogether frozen in a democracy, but they can be related to the cost of living, with provision for increases as productivity rises. A labor board could then be established to correct inequities and to handle genuine grievances in return for no-strike pledges.

*

EVEN BEFORE THE MONEY HAS LEFT THE United States Treasury, Generalissimo Franco is reaping many of the benefits of the gift bestowed on him by the American Congress against the wishes of the President and Secretary of State. Dispatches from Madrid, particularly one by Sam Pope Brewer in last Sunday's New York *Times*, have reported jubilation among Franco's supporters and dismay among his opponents, both reflecting the political triumph chalked up by Spain's fascist regime. What the $62,500,000 "loan" proves in the minds of Spaniards is that Franco has been justified in his refusal to liberalize his rule or even to make the basic financial reforms demanded by the Export-Import Bank. The money will go to him without strings—or hope of repayment; so there is no reason to believe that it will not be used to resuscitate the huge system of graft which greases the wheels of the fascist machine and the palms of Franco's followers. By way of contrast, the Yugoslav government, threatened with invasion by its Cominform neighbors and wrestling with economic difficulties caused by a bad harvest and its attempt to industrialize under forced draft, has been given an Export-Import Bank loan of $15,000,000. To get this it was forced to meet the stringent financial conditions imposed by the bank on all borrowers. Ideology aside, Yugoslavia today serves as a bulwark against the spread of Soviet control southward and westward. If it falls, the hope of resistance inside Eastern Europe will collapse with it. But Congressmen need to prove their anti-Red zeal before Election Day, especially in districts where Roman Catholic influence is strong; so they spend the taxpayers' money to support Spain's "Christian gentleman," who has several times been turned down by the Export-Import Bank because he blandly ignored its request for the facts about his country's finances.

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OF NEW YORK'S MAYOR O'DWYER IT MAY almost be said that he came in like a lamb and went out like a Tammany tiger. Almost, we say, because in spite of his weakness, in spite of the upsurge of graft that took place in his administration, there was at no time in his political career any suggestion of the personal profiteering that marked the rollicking days of at least some of his Democratic predecessors. Nor can it be said that his administration was lacking in constructive accomplishment or in a decent and generally helpful attitude toward labor. All this should help wipe out the memory of his last months in office. That memory includes a very vindictive attitude toward those who opposed him in the last election, a failure to stand up to minority pressure groups intent on dictating policy in the schools, a fantastic show of spleen toward the District Attorney and grand jury of Kings County engaged in probing the extent of corruption on his police force, and the pretentiousness of his resignation. The Mayor quit his post because the local Democratic chiefs saw in the addition of a mayoralty election a chance to swell the party vote this November. The pretense that he had to abandon New York for Mexico City as a patriotic service "in this period of national crisis" is a little fanciful even for a man from Bohola, County Mayo.

Little Minds at Work

FOR the globe's Number One power—successor to the Roman and British empires—we are managing to look remarkably infantile here at home. For a people whose courage in battle has been proved again and again, we must seem to a watching world an astonishing collection of Nervous Nellies about our own security. What other impression is the foreign reader to get when he picks up our papers and discovers the extent to which we have allowed the most ignorant, the most jittery, and the most demagogic elements in the population to impose the pattern of their petty minds upon the country? It is a pattern of such degrading foolishness that Americans will one day recall the present year of heresy hunting with as much embarrassment as they now remember the days when Beethoven and Bach were taboo at Carnegie Hall and sauerkraut had to masquerade as "liberty cabbage," or, a little later, when American Legionnaires, armed with clubs, chased innocent trade unionists through the streets of our cities. We hope, our expectations to the contrary, that they will have no cause to remember anything worse than the record of the past two weeks, during which the heroic defenders of the homeland compiled the following record:

Jean Muir, an actress, was fired from the cast of a popular television show solely because a private group of self-appointed watchdogs listed her as having some

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years ago belonged to a fellow-traveling organization and a few other self-appointed watchdogs complained to the General Foods Corporation, which sponsored the show. Affecting to pass no judgment on Miss Muir, General Foods, with a rush of Jello to the spine, dropped the actress as a "controversial personality" who might "provoke antagonism" among some of its customers. Miss Muir, protesting her abhorrence of communism, was given no hearing—and all other people in radio and television were given to understand that if their names appeared in "Red Channels," the dread black list, they too would be dropped, their livelihoods summarily taken from them on the word of two private detectives who make their bread and butter out of this sort of thing.

Owen Lattimore, absolved by a committee of the United States Senate of the completely unsubstantiated charges leveled at him by Senator McCarthy, found himself without an audience at a New Hampshire resort hotel, his scheduled address abruptly canceled. A leader of the opposition, and incidentally president of the local Parent-Teacher Association, said simply: "Just now with the critical condition of this country, anyone about whom there is any question should not be allowed to speak." No evidence required; just raise a question.

In Los Angeles the Mayor called on all citizens to act as informers against their neighbors, to turn over to the police the names, description, and habits of any individuals they regard as politically suspect. "You will do no injustice by reporting all you know," the Mayor said. "If it can be established that your information is incorrect, you will be doing the suspect a favor. . . . The information conveyed to the police need not be more than a suspicion."

New York longshoremen, of the A. F. of L., making their own foreign policy, refused to unload 2,000 cases of Polish hams, just as they had earlier refused to handle Russian furs and crabmeat.

The cities of Macon, Georgia, and Jacksonville, Florida, followed the lead of Birmingham in ordering the exile of all Communists on a few days' notice, regardless of the jobs they hold or the property they may be forced to abandon.

A swelling list of cities adopted ordinances requiring the registration of Communists and members of alleged fellow-traveling organizations. Others—Fall River and Detroit—forbade the distribution of any literature which the local police chief judged to be subversive. Los Angeles adopted several drastic registration ordinances, extending even to those who belonged to groups advocating a Communist economic system but without the use of force and violence.

Unhappily for the country, the shoddiest exhibition of all was put on in Washington—more specifically, on Capitol Hill. There Senator Langer of North Dakota called for a Congressional investigation of the federal judiciary for subversive connections. The Senator was incensed because two judges of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, finding that Harry Bridges was at present committing no crime, had seen fit to release him on bail pending his appeal. The opinion of Judges William E. Orr and William Healy was in fact the one beacon of courageous Americanism in a sea of panicky emotion. Opposed to allowing "the courts to become themselves the tools of military expediency," the judges said: ". . . however hard and disagreeable may be the task in times of popular passion and excitement, it is the duty of the courts to set their faces like flint against this erosive subversion of the judicial process." For this the Senator from North Dakota would have them "impeached and thrown out of office."

More important than Langer's shrill nonsense was the almost gleeful hysteria with which the House passed an anti-subversion bill of a nature so sweeping, and so palpably unconstitutional, that it must in the end defeat its own purpose. The same kind of legislation, analyzed in detail in previous issues of this magazine, is now before the Senate and may have been adopted by the time this issue appears. There is reason to hope that President Truman, who has proposed a milder measure of his own, will veto anything like the Mundt-Nixon or McCarran bills, both of which call for registration not only of Communists but of members of organizations arbitrarily held to be Communist fronts.

What is perhaps most alarming is the failure of some of the Senate's most stalwart liberals to stand up to these frightening assaults on the American constitutional system. Some appear ready to go along, reluctantly, with the registration scheme; others are known to favor a substitute measure, applicable only in the direst emergency, to permit the detention of all persons suspected of intent to commit sabotage or espionage. We have yet to hear of any who have steeled themselves, like the two California judges, to "set their faces like flint against this erosive subversion of the judicial process."

German Arms and Unity

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

NEXT week the three chief Foreign Ministers of the Atlantic coalition will meet in New York to try to reach decisions based on the recent defense talks that have been going on at London, Paris, and Bonn. Out of those talks came much confusion, a strong desire for some sort of formal unity, and one overpowering headache—the question of rearming Germany. To convert this result into a coherent defense policy for the West will take more ingenuity and toughness than Messrs. Acheson, Bevin, and Schuman have yet demonstrated.

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If they succeed it will be because they are convinced Joseph Stalin has left them no alternative.

On the surface the desire for unity seems dominant, at least in Europe. In fact, if a united Western Europe begins to take shape it is more likely to happen through the urgencies of Continental rearmament than through the measures discussed at Strasbourg. It is significant that the phrase "Atlantic federation" has almost supplanted "Atlantic alliance" or "coalition." This change reflects the desire of the European governments, clearly expressed in two French defense memoranda to Washington, to convince the Americans that collaboration among the Western powers can never become a reality if the allied armies to be created are placed under an American general, while the United States also reserves the right to decide how rearmament is to be financed and what general policy is to be followed. Nothing less than a true partnership, they believe, in which the members would reach all important decisions by common agreement, can resolve the problems implicit in European rearmament.

So far, however, unity is only a necessity, not a fact. The willingness of the Western nations to step up their expenditures on arms, even at the expense of the standard of living, has been definitely stated. What remains unresolved is the problem of concerting these efforts into an over-all defense mechanism, animated by policies capable of winning the support of reluctant, skeptical, war-weary peoples. In several recent articles Mr. del Vayo has discussed the political and economic factors that explain the "neutralism" and outright defeatism of so much of Europe.

But faith in their governments and a vital stake in their society are not all the Western peoples lack. They have little hope that rearmament can be achieved fast enough or on a massive enough scale, either to deter the Russians, if they plan an attack, or to offer a chance of victory. In any case they regard war with Eastern Europe as the certain suicide of Europe as a whole.

The Korean struggle has increased both Western Europe's fear of aggression and its skepticism about the chance of timely American help. In some measure each country feels itself a potential South Korea. The more the omens point to a possible push from the East, the more the Western nations clamor for additional American land forces on the Continent now. Until such forces are there, and in sufficient strength, no honest effort at rearmament will be made, for the European governments believe, and frankly say, that rearmament itself might provoke attack unless the ramparts were already strongly defended. Meanwhile Europe shrinks from policies which seem likely to precipitate a showdown, for it understands all too well that America's entire available armed force, and more, may be required for a successful counter-offensive in Korea. For all these reasons, both people and governments cling to the hope that efforts to reach a negotiated agreement under the sponsorship of the United Nations will supplement the plans for armed resistance.

The German problem is a thing by itself; yet the more it is considered the harder it is to set apart from the whole. For weeks the Germans have been talking to one another and to the Allies, and the Allies have been consulting, on the question of integrating a rearmed Western Germany into the Western defense system. By slow degrees, as tension has increased and the Russians have gone ahead, heedless of protests, with the creation of a heavily armed "police" force in the eastern zone, the British and Americans have brought the French to the point of agreeing to a small police force for the Bonn republic and to the probable acceptance of German units in the European army under discussion.

How could France refuse, especially since the United States has not promised any additional forces on the Continent and Western Germany is so clearly the most vulnerable and likely avenue of attack, if attack should come? Yet how can France accept, or any other Western nation for that matter, when it is com-

Newly-discovered skulls show that pre-man with almost human brains existed a million years ago. It is assumed they came to a bad end.
CIVIL DEFENCE
FRIGHTFUL NEW WEAPON—THE STONE AXE
"THOSE PEOPLE OVER THE RIVER WON'T PROMISE NOT TO RESIST IF WE ATTACK, NOR TO BAN THEIR WEAPON UNTIL THEY'RE SURE WE WON'T USE IT."
"BLOODTHIRSTY WARMONGERS!"

THEY NEVER LEARN — London *Daily Herald*

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mon knowledge that German rearmament and a German army would almost certainly be dominated by the Nazi generals and other army men who have been out of a job and hungry for power since Hitler's disappearance? Only the absorption of German man-power into a European army would reduce the peril implicit in this situation.

But while the debate has gone on, with Chancellor Adenauer issuing new, usually contradictory, statements every second day, it has become more and more apparent that Western reluctance to rearm the recent enemy is matched by German reluctance to be rearmed in present precarious circumstances. For the worries of the West are shared in intensified form by all Germans who prefer survival to a new round of military power and all-out war. Even Dr. Adenauer's most ambitious rearmament proposals are conditioned, like those of the Allies, on a large increase in Western occupation forces. Dr. Schumacher, leader of the West German Socialist opposition, goes much farther, demanding American defense of the whole of Germany—presumably to the Neisse-Oder line, which would involve the occupation of Eastern Germany.

German Socialists and labor leaders make other conditions. They say they will accept rearmament only if all Nazis are eliminated from the Adenauer government and all Nazi or ex-Nazi officers excluded from the proposed armed forces. The head of the German Transport Workers' Union, Adolf Kummernuss, was reported the other day by Joseph Newman in the New York *Herald Tribune* as saying that most of the five million organized West German workers distrusted the Adenauer government and wanted no army anyway. He added that he was more concerned about the return to power of the Nazi militarists than about the threat of Communist control.

Whether the zeal of Germany's neo-Nazis for a revival of military strength will offset these varied hesitations cannot yet be said. If the rearming of the Bonn republic depends on that sentiment, the prospect is, to say the least, alarming. If it depends rather on the support of moderate and left opinion, then the question of American guaranties will loom as large as it does in the case of the rest of Western Europe. In other words, only if the United States agrees to defend the people of Western Germany are they prepared to defend themselves.

It is this issue above all others that the Foreign Ministers will have to resolve if European rearmament is to become a reality. And to consider it honestly will mean a hard scrutiny of our whole foreign policy. For what we do or ask others to do in Europe must be heavily conditioned by the commitments we have already made in Korea and elsewhere in Asia.

The President's Policy

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, September 4

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S speech to the nation on Friday night was the climax of a series of maneuvers designed both to reaffirm his constitutional control of the country's foreign policy and to explain, above the babble of tongues, exactly what his policy is.

All week long the White House had moved energetically to repair the damage done by the blatherskites, Secretary of the Navy Matthews and Major General Orvil A. Anderson of the Air War College, whose notion of high policy is to threaten 200,000,000 Russians with atom bombs, and by General MacArthur, whose self-claimed understanding of the "Oriental mind" makes him think that the way to handle 400,000,000 Communist-ruled Chinese is to occupy Formosa as a permanent American base. Finally, the President spoke directly to the people, and his speech should persuade a considerable group that Mr. Truman knows what he is doing, and that his comprehension of the issues is broader than that of the fatuous Matthews or our Japanese pro-consul.

For the record, it can be revealed that the President intended to make a radio speech on economic controls and other domestic-mobilization matters as soon as Congress completed action, as it did last Friday, on the defense-production bill. The speech was made exactly on schedule, but the theme was changed—Matthews and MacArthur gave Mr. Truman the opportunity to discuss foreign policy in its broadest applications. For the record, further, it should be specified that Mr. Truman is unarguably correct in insisting that foreign policy is his constitutional prerogative.

A good many people have underestimated Mr. Truman. One of them is James F. Byrnes, who used to be Secretary of State and assumed he should run things himself but now is the disgruntled Democratic nominee for Governor of South Carolina. Lord Bryce in "The American Commonwealth" observed that under the American system the Secretary of State is merely the agent and servant of the President. The President, of course, can be overruled by the people. Specifically, the people this coming November can make things more difficult for Mr. Truman. If they want to follow General MacArthur and Senator Knowland, they can elect a Congress that will whoop it up for the seizure of Formosa. If they want to follow Secretary Matthews and General Anderson, they can elect a Congress that will shriek for "preventive" war with Russia.

If they listen to Harry Truman, the Congress they elect will support a different, more balanced policy—

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no general war on our initiative, no "seizure" of Formosa, no provocation whatever to the people of China's mainland, but absolute determination to fight in Korea, whatever the cost, until sufficient United Nations strength is built up to defeat the North Korean armies and unite Korea as an independent country under U. N. guaranties.

The dangers and difficulties of this policy, requiring emotional self-restraint while American troops are carrying the chief burden of the Korean fighting, should not be understated. But Mr. Truman's method in confronting these perils is not General MacArthur's. The President is not unaware of the revolutionary forces moving in Asia, and he has asked the people to support him in Korea in defense of a U. N.-created state—not to engage in general adventures against the Chinese on the Asiatic mainland. The White House spokesman, Secretary Acheson, and the President himself have made it abundantly clear that MacArthur has been overruled. Two months ago, observing Republican theories that the President's June 27 cease-fire order governing the Formosa Straits meant we were going to help Chiang Kai-shek reconquer the Chinese mainland, I wrote, "This is not the commitment we have made." It is not our commitment today, despite MacArthur, Senator Knowland, and the "Formosa Republicans."

The commitment we made on June 27 was to "neutralize" the island during the fighting in Korea, leaving its future status to be determined either by a Japanese peace treaty or by decision of the U. N. The President on Friday night emphasized an "international" settlement, and our representatives at Lake Success have expressed willingness to let the U. N. handle the problem. General MacArthur has had an extraordinary career as an American military officer, but the suggestion can reasonably be advanced that he may ruin himself in history, as General McClellan did in regard to Lincoln, if he persists in expressing political judgments in challenge to the established civil authorities.

A week ago last Thursday the State Department allowed a story to go out over the United Press wires to the effect that after the conclusion of the Korean fighting the Seventh Fleet would be "withdrawn" from the Formosa Straits. Nobody paid any attention (except the London *Daily Mail*). So Mr. Truman in a press conference a week later added that there would be no necessity of keeping the Seventh Fleet in the straits after the Korean problem was settled. Mr. Acheson in a press conference said repeatedly that we were doing everything possible to keep the Chinese Communists quiescent; when asked specifically whether our actions included approaches through diplomatic channels, he answered affirmatively, in effect, by saying that he could not comment on that direct inquiry. It is well known, in fact, that we have used Indian intermediaries to point out to Mao Tse-tung the exact language of the President's directive of June 27 on both Korea and Formosa.

In the Cairo declaration of 1943 Britain and America recognized that Formosa was an integral part of China. Chiang Kai-shek, who was a party to the declaration, has been driven to Formosa as a last refuge for Nationalist armies that were beaten on the mainland. Without making pretensions to strategic expertness or a special understanding of the "Oriental mind," most Americans should be able to comprehend that a war with China is the last thing we should invite, and that to prop up Chiang indefinitely or to "seize" Formosa as an American base would alienate Asian public opinion disastrously. Nehru has made this clear so far as India is concerned. The President's position—that is, the American policy to which he has asked the people to adhere—is that we do not want Formosa or any other part of Asia for ourselves, that in Korea we are fighting to defend peace and security through the U. N. If the know-nothings and the political generals are kept reasonably restrained, this policy can be understood throughout the world.

Ray of Hope at the U. N.

BY VERA MICHELES DEAN

Lake Success, September 1

CONTRARY to the impression conveyed by a leading metropolitan newspaper that the American delegate had been "outmaneuvered" on the Formosa issue in the Security Council, the United States, at the fast-paced session of August 29, won a many-faceted victory.

First, Warren R. Austin's willingness to have Peking's complaint against American action in Formosa placed on the council agenda gave much-needed evidence that Washington will accept United Nations jurisdiction not only on issues like Korea, where this happens to coincide with the nation's interests, but also on issues where its own policies are questioned by other countries. Second, it was made clear beyond a doubt that the Truman Administration dissociated itself from whatever hopes might have been raised among the Chinese Nationalists by General MacArthur's headline pronunciamiento about Formosa; and this, in turn, helped to heal the growing rift between the United States and Britain, not to speak of India, over the prospect of unilateral American action in the disputed island. Most important of all, the United States, without abandoning the position it has taken on

VERA MICHELES DEAN, research director of the Foreign Policy Association and author of the recently published "Europe and the United States," is covering Security Council meetings for The Nation *for several weeks.*

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admission of the Peking regime to the United Nations, was offered an opportunity to avoid a head-on clash with China over the Formosa issue which not only threatened to prolong and intensify the war in Korea but created the danger of full-scale war in Asia. The victory of the United States was in essence a victory of the U. N. over nationalism.

The MacArthur incident provided a perfect object lesson on the changing relations between the great powers and the United Nations. The General's message to the Veterans of Foreign Wars was a well-considered and accurate description of the Formosa issue as seen through the eyes of an unqualified nationalist. In this respect MacArthur proved more honest than some of the so-called liberal commentators, who while berating Russia for the extension of its sphere of influence since World War II, have found it difficult to admit that the United States too has expanded its sphere during the same period—and by no means solely because of post-war pressures by the Kremlin. The General did not mince words on this subject. The strategic position of the United States, he said, "was changed by our Pacific victory. Our strategic frontier then shifted to embrace the entire Pacific Ocean, which had become a vast moat to protect us as long as we hold it." Nor is there any doubt about the validity of his argument that, given this vast expansion of American interests, Formosa, in the hands of a hostile power, "could be compared to an unsinkable aircraft carrier and submarine tender ideally located to accomplish offensive strategy and at the same time checkmate defensive or counter-offensive operations by friendly forces based on Okinawa and the Philippines."

It is entirely understandable that the General's proclamation of America's manifest destiny in the Pacific should make a strong appeal both to nationalists and to persisting isolationists in the United States. The trouble, of course, is that it could be and has been duplicated, in reverse; for Russian nationalists can argue with equal vigor and plausibility that from the point of view of the security of the U. S. S. R., Formosa, in hostile hands, would exactly fit the General's grim description. Where, then, are we to find the Solomon who will pass judgment on these conflicting claims, inspired on both sides by similar preoccupations?

In pre-U. N. days a Solomon's decision—to divide the object of contention—would have been in order. Britain and Russia once were able to delimit spheres of influence in Persia, Tibet, and Afghanistan, and lived to become allies in two world wars. But times have changed—and it is this change which brought about MacArthur's setback. Distressing as it may sound, the General and Jacob Malik are really akin in their views on international affairs, views which in the past were common to all great powers. It is only when seen through the lens of mid-twentieth-century ideas that both MacArthur's arguments and those of the Kremlin appear outmoded.

For the new fashion which United Nations discussions are gradually revealing is that it is no longer possible for great powers to act unilaterally even when they believe their security is at stake. By accepting an international organization whose charter, potentially at least, endows it with greater authority to act than was true of the League of Nations, the big powers, in effect, no matter how hard they may cling to the veto, delegated a measure of their sovereignty, which they can no longer recapture without creating a scandal. Membership in the U. N. obviously does not make the United States and the U. S. S. R. less great-powerish, since they retain all the economic attributes which in the final test would give them life-and-death authority over weaker nations. But these attributes are being increasingly limited by the moral necessity of taking the views of other U. N. members into account. And true as this is of the Security Council, where the great powers still enjoy the atavistic advantage of the veto, it is even more true of the General Assembly.

If anyone was outmaneuvered at Lake Success on August 29, it was General MacArthur, who had spoken as military leader of a national state rather than as the commander of a U. N. force, and Mr. Malik, who found it impossible to force his will about Peking on his fellow-delegates. Mr. Austin, on the other hand, emerged as representative of the new, modestly victorious U. N. fashion.

This does not mean that there will not be, or must not be, attempts to strike a balance between the only two great powers left in the world, the United States and the U. S. S. R. But it does mean that such a balance must henceforth be sought within the framework of the United Nations, where the weaker members—and this includes diminished great powers like Britain and France as well as ascendant nations like India—play the part of friendly but persevering umpires. The weaker nations see the situation more clearly than we or the Russians. They see that it is no more possible to separate the question of Formosa from that of Korea, or the question of Korea from the position toward it of China, Russia, and Japan, than it proved possible in the past to consider the Low Countries apart from Britain, France, and Germany. While it is understandable that, in our role as protector of Japan, we should feel as concerned about Korea as the Japanese did fifty years ago, it is also a fact that China and Russia, bordering on Korea, have an even greater stake in the future of that country. Nehru sized up this situation more accurately than the Americans. The admission of Peking to the U. N., sooner or later, should be viewed not as a triumph for Russia or a defeat for the United States but as a common-sense acknowledgment of geographic and historical realities.

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A Cowpoke Is Always Broke

BY J. AUSTIN BURKHART

EVERYTHING has gone up—the dollar sign on whiskey, the cost of going out with redheaded women, even the price of saddle soap; everything but cowboy riding pay. Managers seem to think that because "a cowpoke is always broke he don't care whether purse money is high or low." Thus a lanky range rider from Texas on the plight of the professional rodeo riders.

Leading the cowboy's fight for a fairer share of gate receipts is the Rodeo Cowboys' Association. The R. C. A., or, as the boys call it, the cowpokes' union, checks on every show before granting its seal of approval. If the association finds that the rodeo's purse money is not in line with its gate, the performance becomes a closed show. High point in this year's controversy over purse money was the dispute between the R. C. A. and the Cheyenne Frontier Committee. The R. C. A. felt that the "Daddy of 'Em All" could afford to raise the prize money from $500 to $750 per event per day, but the committee insisted that $500 was the top limit. For months each side stood as taut as stretched rawhide. The Frontier Committee refused to deal directly with the R. C. A. and negotiated through the International Rodeo Association, which in the eyes of the R. C. A. is essentially a managers' organization. Unable to reach agreement, the I. R. A. issued an ultimatum to the R. C. A. to accept the Cheyenne offer by 5 p. m., April 18, or get out. The R. C. A. got out.

Thereupon the Frontier Committee stated that the show would go on with amateur riders and professional hands who wished to enter. The R. C. A. retaliated by barring from the remaining two hundred approved rodeos any R. C. A. rider who worked the Cheyenne show. In addition, the organization decided that a dissenting member would also be subject to fine or suspension. Not to be outdone, the International Rodeo Association passed the word around that any blacklisted R. C. A. cowpoke could compete in all shows belonging to the I. R. A.

Since the R. C. A. counts among its two thousand members all the big-league names in rodeos, the "Hell on Wheels" city of the plains sat back and waited, hoping that the foremost rodeo in the West would not fizzle into a two-bit performance. Through May, June, and July the war of nerves continued. Finally, a last minute compromise was reached on the basis of $600 per event per day, and the Frontier City staged its biggest celebration in years.

Few of the rodeo fans watching some wild-eyed critter catapult out of the riding chute, hell-bent-for-leather, with a lanky cowpoke trying to hang on, realize what is going on behind the scenes. They do not know that rodeo is changing from a simple, relatively unorganized activity to a complex business enterprise, not limited to a summer season in the Western states but operating throughout the nation on a year-round schedule.

Beginning in 1883 with a single day's show at Pecos, Texas, in which $100 in prizes was awarded, rodeo has grown so rapidly that only baseball exceeds it in spectator popularity. In the country at large this year 10,000,000 people will witness several thousand rodeos and jackpots (rodeos with less than three events). Six hundred and fifty of these rodeos will be major shows offering $2,000,000 in cowboy purse money. The season begins early in January with the National Western Stock Show in Denver, reaches a climax at the twenty-six-day performance in Madison Square Garden in October, and ends at San Francisco's National Livestock Exposition in November. The calendar of approved rodeo shows now includes such un-Western towns as Hughesville, Pennsylvania; Springfield, Massachusetts; Natchez, Mississippi; Alexander, Louisiana; Hannibal, Missouri; Centerville, Iowa; and Gerry, New York.

In an earlier day rodeos were staged as civic projects which unified the community by giving it a common purpose. Usually a group of the leading citizens got together and put on a local show with local talent. The cowpokes and their bustin' broncs came from the same country in which the rodeo was staged. But at many of the rodeos this year "waddies" with their wives and children rolled hundreds of miles in the family car to compete, and the stock they rode was invariably provided by a stock contractor. Many of the present generation of rodeo riders have left the bunk house never to return; others never saw a Texas steer or rode a Montana range. Some of the most noted riders grew up in the East and learned their skills in the school gymnasium and the Kinland Wild West Show. Harry Tompkins, World Champion Rider in 1948 and 1949, was born in Peekskill, New York, and did not see the West until he was seventeen. Jack Buschbom, World Champion Bronco Bareback Rider, was born and reared near Cassville, Wisconsin. Today rodeo has become a profession planned and executed by highly trained promoters.

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IN 1936, a group of rodeo riders organized the Cowboys' Turtle Association, named, as the story goes, by one of their number who said: "Now let's don't give this outfit no highfalutin' name, let's take it slow and easy like a turtle." In 1945 the organization changed its name to the Rodeo Cowboys' Association. Its purpose was to clean up the abuses that had crept into rodeo promotion. Some cowboys were receiving only $5 or $10 to ride a thousand pounds of living dynamite out of the chute. Riders' entry fees were often required for purses which might not equal the investment. On more than one occasion a promoter would pack up after the show was over and blow away with the program cards, leaving the riders with not enough money to get out of town.

Largely through the work of the Turtle Association and the R. C. A., these unethical practices have virtually disappeared. In spite of gains, however, the financial position of the cowpoke is far from secure. It is true that a handful of top performers may make over $25,000 a year, but for every such rider, there are a hundred who get considerably less. Around the rodeo circuit they say the average "waddie" would be satisfied if he made sufficient money to pay his expenses, which run high.

Last year one rodeo hand spent $1,900 on plane fare alone; another spent $1,300 on gasoline and automobile repairs. The rodeo rabbit, the hand who makes all the shows and seldom wins, often has to pick cherries or cut hay to get to the next contest. Often the bronco rider arrives busted, unable to pay his enrolment fee, which runs from $20 to $150. Under these circumstances, a local sportsman may pay the fee in return for one-third of his debtor's winnings. An expenditure of $2,000 a year for entry fees alone is not uncommon among top riders.

Although the R. C. A. strives to keep purse money in line with gate receipts, it believes in negotiation rather than dictation. Irresponsible or arbitrary action is never condoned. At the July rodeo in Reno, Nevada, the cowboys staged a wildcat strike in an attempt to soup up the purse money. Although the $1,500 in prizes had been well advertised, a rumor somehow got around that the merchants of the town had donated an extra $1,000 in each of the four contests. On the third and last day of the show a group of cowboys forced their way into the ring, blocked the riding chutes, manned the dogging chutes, barred the catch pens, and refused to allow the cowboys who were rigged and ready for the snapping of the flank strap to ride their mounts. In the face of this wildcat strike, the Reno committee gave way and put up an extra $4,000. The R. C. A., when it heard what had happened, reimbursed the Reno management and demanded that the winners return their shares of the $4,000. Furthermore, it fined each of the ringleaders $500.

Despite the efforts of the R. C. A. to protect both the rider and the rodeo manager, there are those who feel that the association is exorbitant in its demands. Revolt arose this spring down on the plains of South Texas, where a group of ranchers and range riders organized the Southwestern Rodeo Association. S. R. A. members have set up rodeos with prize lists running from $25 to $50 in each event per day. Since the R. C. A. does not approve any rodeo paying less than $50 per event per day, all S. R. A. rodeos and the rodeo riders who participate in them are eligible for the R. C. A. blacklist. Although S. R. A. has "half split the South Texas rodeo business," its further spread is doubtful.

FEW communities lose money when they stage a rodeo. Gate receipts are only one indication of the return. There are, for example, the hidden profits which accompany the local business boom during rodeo days. Every bar has four men behind the rail where one would normally stand. The price of drinking whiskey soars from 25 cents to 50 cents a shot, and top-shelf whiskey goes out of sight. Tourist beers (beer with an oversized head) guarantee extra profit, restaurants are full, hotels have standing room only, and photography shops move out into the street. Even the drygoods stores benefit. People buy cowboy hats who will not wear them again the rest of the year. These indirect profits, though hard to estimate, are very real. At Gunnison, Colorado, home of the famed Cattlemen's Days, the total take at the stadium is around $8,000. Yet on the Monday after the rodeo the two banks in town send out $60,000 in currency over and above the amount they ordinarily keep on hand.

In its efforts to raise the level of professional rodeo to that of other professional sports, the R. C. A. has the confidence of the cowboy and the respect of management. Perhaps the greatest deterrent to its success is a sort of emotional displacement. We have a nostalgia for the early West, and our minds are filled with stereotypes. We like the reckless, individualistic cowhand who believed in going to hell as he damn well pleased, who wrote hot checks and tested hot gin. We find it difficult to associate his lineal descendant with collective bargaining, even though such a method is the only one open to him in his attempt to raise his standard of living. We forget that the nature of rodeo has changed and that the rodeo rider has been forced to organize. As one former rodeo rider who is now a rodeo promoter put it, "It's too bad that rodeo could not have stayed as it used to be, but the rodeo managers brought it on themselves. Rodeo today is as commercialized as major-league baseball, and the broke cowpoke does not have either the Pacific Coast League or a pension to look forward to." The only insurance the cowboy now has is the R. C. A. burial fund and the generosity of his buddies.

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What Russia Tells Itself

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

I. War, Peace, and the U. S. A.

London, August 26

THE Korean war is in its third month, and although we have been hearing all this time that "Russia is behind it" and that it is all too likely to lead to a Third World War, not a single paper in the West has, to my knowledge, taken the trouble to find out what the Rusians really think about it or what they intend to do. One looks in vain for a critical analysis of Russian aims or even of the Russian point of view. A classical objection to any attempt to assess the Soviet standpoint is, of course: "How can you possibly tell what's going on at the Kremlin or in the back of Stalin's mind?" Quite true; we cannot know for certain. And yet, if you have had a lengthy experience of Russia, and have made a special study of Soviet propaganda during and since the war, and follow the Russian press and radio, and also know something of Soviet political philosophy, you cannot help drawing certain conclusions from the manner in which the Soviet people are being "conditioned" to react to the international crisis.

My experience of Russia has taught me that the Soviets' home propaganda, unlike so much of their foreign propaganda, is extremely shrewd and has nearly always been directed with due regard for public sentiment; it has tried to use and build up, as it were, a public sentiment that already existed or was, at any rate, potentially there. When the proper sentiment was lacking—as, for instance, at the time of the Soviet-German Pact in 1939—the propaganda itself sounded deliberately half-hearted. Today, too, there are certain fields in which Soviet home propaganda seems timid and almost apologetic at times, and where one can clearly read between the lines that not all is well. This is true, for instance, in the talk about Polish-Soviet friendship. But on a number of fundamental points there is today, without doubt, absolute solidarity in the Soviet Union. There is unanimous desire for peace. There is unanimous hatred of America. There is a tremendous fellow-feeling for China and Korea. When I say "hatred of America," the phrase should, of course, be qualified; in principle, there is no hatred of "the American people"—that would be most un-Marxist—but today "America," "Truman," and "Wall Street" are, in the popular mind, all more or less thrown into the same bag, as the German people and the Hitler regime were during the last war, in spite of the fact that Communist doctrine never ceased to distinguish between the two. The "betrayal" of Henry Wallace has strengthened the feeling that there are mighty few "good Americans"—except, of course, the Negroes. Paul Robeson is about the only prominent American who is any good at all.

Russia went through years of appalling human suffering during the war, and the memories are still fresh. To see war return to Rusia is what the Soviet government will try to avoid at almost any price. It is not enough to say that in a country like Russia everybody behaves as he is told. Most of the 115,000,000 people—that is, the whole adult population—who are supposed to have signed the Stockholm appeal undoubtedly did so in the profound conviction that they were acting for the good of their country and their own brothers and children. There is no suggestion of faking in the letters published in the press from thousands of workers, peasants, and other ordinary people. Here, for example, is a letter from a peasant writing from a village near Kharkov:

> So they have started another war? But do they know what war means? If, in 1941, the bombs had fallen not on Kiev but on New York, they would know. If the mothers of American soldiers had gone gray with grief, as my mother, Maria Ilyinishna, has; if the American soldier, coming home, had found that there was no home; if he wanted as passionately as I do to live and work in a peaceful country—no bombs would today be dropping on the peaceful towns and villages of Korea.

The nation-wide "peace" campaign takes various other forms, too. A new Stakhanovite movement for higher output has been started in all factories; the shock-workers are called "peace sentries," and the state appears to be getting a big return from this nation-wide passion for peace. The stage and the film industries are working for peace; writers and composers who for a long time were under a cloud have rehabilitated themselves by joining wholeheartedly in the movement. Anna Akhmatova recently published a collection of poems with "peace throughout the Russian land" as its central emotional theme, and Prokofiev has composed a "Peace Oratorio" for a children's choir, in which, besides the themes of a happy future for Russia and the immense vitality of its young generation, the most sardonic Prokofievism is

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allowed free rein in the treatment of the "Wall Street sharks." Around this symbol of peace a kind of national solidarity, remarkably like that which existed during the war years, has crystallized.

There is another point worth remembering. By Russian standards the country today is becoming increasingly prosperous. In the last five years, an immense amount of reconstruction has been done; food is more plentiful than it has ever been, and although in the large cities housing is still bad, there is no serious shortage of consumer goods. Agricultural output is high, and this year's harvest is, in the main, excellent. In short, the government's post-war promise of better living conditions is being kept, and the imagination of the people—especially of the young generation—is stirred by the gigantic reforestation plan, and by such projects as the newly-announced Kuibyshev hydroelectric plant, which, with its ten billion kilowatt hours per year, will be "the largest in the world." "That's what we Soviet people do at a time when the whole capitalist world is seized by war psychosis," wrote *Pravda* on August 23.

Moscow, meanwhile, is building skyscrapers—to avoid this Americanism, they are called "high structures"—which suggests that Stalin is not seriously expecting atom bombs to be dropped on the capital. But that is not because Americans are believed to be tender-hearted. The Russians are convinced that Truman and MacArthur—especially MacArthur—as well as Churchill would drop them without turning a hair, except that public opinion, not so much in America, but certainly in Western Europe, is 100 per cent opposed to it, partly out of sentiment, partly out of a spirit of self-preservation. Occasionally, one sees references in the Russian press to the Soviet atom bomb, but this is praised for one thing only—for having "put an end to America's atomic blackmail"; for the rest, Soviet civilization is praised for its "humanism," precisely because, unlike American civilization, it has never admitted the principle of using "human D.D.T."

Korea—of which more in the next article—seems, for all that, to have given the Russians a fright, and the impression one gains is that, in future, they will be extremely careful to avoid anything that the Americans might treat as a provocation to war. They are convinced that very important interests in the United States want war—and the sooner the better. But they are also convinced that none of America's allies is feeling in the least belligerent. And the Russians believe that, as the threat of war grows, the United States will become more and more isolated, with anti-war sentiment mounting, not only in France and Italy, but also in Britain. In cartoons, articles, and all other forms of propaganda Truman, MacArthur, and even the G. I.s in Korea are treated with a ferocity unequaled since the German invasion of Russia; whereas the British and French governments are largely ignored and a lot of nice things are said about the French and British *people*.

Asia, of course, complicates the matter. Peace is all very well, but Russia remains, for all that, a revolutionary power with a liberating mission, and the assumption that in Asia the Soviet Union is on the side of the angels is something the Russians will not easily subordinate to considerations of caution. They may grumble about Mr. Attlee, but Syngman Rhee is a phobia.

MacArthur's War with London

London, August 24

A VOLLEY of attacks on General MacArthur has broken through the usual barrier of restraint which Britons erect against any criticism of their American allies. The *New Statesman's* leading article, The Menace of General MacArthur (August 12), was only the most explosive in a broadside contributed to by the *Observer, Manchester Guardian*, and *Times*. Hitherto, the British press has been very reluctant to criticize MacArthur, although he is known to be surrounded by Anglophobes of the Chicago *Tribune* school. Fleet Street even sat on the news that he has refused to see the British diplomatic representative in Japan ever since the Korean attack. This hostility probably resulted from the British diplomat's indignant refusal to ask the London *Times* to recall its correspondent, Frank Hawley, who has, in five years, evolved from a stout defender of MacArthur to a mild critic. The incident had been played down in the interest of Anglo-American friendship.

MacArthur's visit to Formosa compelled responsible British commentators to abandon their restraint. While anxious to support the concept of "collective security" which they feel is at stake in the Korean affair, the British are desperately eager to localize the trouble and feel that America's equivocal policy on Formosa may result in a Sino-American conflict and hence World War III. Furthermore, they feel that a conflict over Formosa would split the Commonwealth, with the Australians and New Zealanders on MacArthur's side, the Indians on that of Mao Tse-tung, and themselves caught squarely in the middle. Not the least factor is the general British resentment at being pushed around by the Americans. Washington, at least, is usually rather delicate about it, but General MacArthur and his entourage tend to treat Britain as if it were a third-rate country led by wild-eyed radicals. This is clear from the reaction of MacArthur's spokesman to British criticisms of his trip to Formosa: "It is inconceivable that the British government would attempt to arrogate to itself, under the guise of membership in the United Nations, the slightest warrant of judgment on the propriety of the mission of an American officer in compliance with the orders of his own government. This report is apparently merely a continuation of the provocative and misleading propaganda intended to divide the unity of nations opposing totalitarian communism." The remark was too much even for the *Times*, and it allowed its correspondent to comment: "Allied headquarters in Tokyo does not show itself to be receptive to any views which differ from its own."

ANDREW ROTH

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The Berkeley Debacle

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, August 29

BY A VOTE of twelve to ten, the Regents of the University of California have now reversed an earlier decision and ordered the dismissal of thirty-two faculty members who refused to sign the loyalty statement. All these instructors hold what used to be known as "tenure status" and have been cleared by a committee of the faculty of any taint of disloyalty, subversion, or heresy. A last-minute effort was made by a group of prominent alumni to avert the disaster which has now engulfed the university; but their warnings of "dire peril" were curtly brushed aside, along with the technical demurrers and half-hearted protests of President Robert Gordon Sproul, who fathered the original loyalty proposal, and Governor Earl Warren.

For most of the non-signers, discharge will be tantamount to an academic blacklisting. Among the dissenters, none of whom is a Communist, are teachers in their late fifties and sixties with records of thirty years service at the university. The list includes men and women of distinguished academic attainments and unblemished personal records, whose loyalty to freedom is best evidenced by their stand against the loyalty oath. It also includes a sizable contingent who served with the armed forces in World Wars I and II.

As the zero hour approached, the pressure brought to bear on the non-signers was coercive and shameful. Consider, for example, the case of Dr. Walter W. Horn, acting head of the Art Department, who served in World War II as a captain in army intelligence. A holdout from the first, Dr. Horn was finally forced to sign when he was called back into the service and felt compelled to protect his wife and son against the consequences of a possible loss of his civilian occupation. In yielding "to the pressure which the Regents saw fit to exercise in order to extort from me a declaration concerning my political beliefs," Dr. Horn pointed out that it was "to escape pressure of this type" that he had left Nazi Germany in 1938.

The Board of Regents now stands convicted of a double double-cross of the faculty. At an earlier impasse, the faculty was given both public and private assurance that the Regents would handle the matter of the oath in a manner that would be entirely satisfactory to the faculty if the Academic Senate would only approve the *principle* of Communist ineligibility. But no sooner had the faculty concurred in this proposal than the Regents refused to rescind the requirement for an oath. In the meantime, of course, the faculty had put itself in a logically untenable position of which the Regents took full and painful advantage. Then, on April 21, the Regents used sweet words and lulling phrases to induce the faculty to accept a "compromise" advanced by the alumni. This proposal clearly implied—and it was so interpreted at the time—that non-signers would be given individual hearings by the faculty committee on tenure and that the findings and recommendations of this committee would be accepted by both the administration and the Regents. It is this second agreement which a majority of the Regents have now repudiated.

The effect of the Regents' decision, of course, is to vitiate the tenure system and nullify the basic concept of academic freedom. Other faculties might well profit from the disastrous experience of their Berkeley colleagues. As *The Nation* has pointed out, the faculty forfeited the basic principle at stake when it acquiesced in the political test of competence. Once this proposition was accepted, objections to the form by which the test was to be applied could be dismissed as inconsequential. More important, the non-academic public then became confused and looked upon the controversy as so much sound and fury. The Berkeley faculty not only forefeited the basic principle on which a defense might have been built but obligingly undertook the task of enforcing the political means test which the Regents had induced it to propose. And now the professors discover that the beautiful plan which the Regents approved means nothing.

Nor is the faculty's education in rough-and-tumble demagoguery yet complete. When 165 professors and department heads, all signers of the loyalty oath, protested to the Regents over the failure to send out contracts to the non-signers after the latter had been "cleared" by the faculty committee, the San Francisco Realty Board promptly demanded that the protesters themselves should be fired without delay. What the faculty does not seem to understand is that there is a crazy logic about this and similar demands—once the basic demand for a political means test is granted. Some centuries back, Catholics and dissenters were pushed around in Great Britain in precisely this manner, until they learned to challenge, not the form, but the very idea of test oaths.

The latest action of the Regents will settle none of the issues. New loyalty-testing procedures will be demanded; new political tests will be invented ("I am not a Communist and I have never sympathized with non-signers"); and the agitation will continue, reaching new heights of absurdity as it is exploited by first one group and then another, until the university returns to the basic principle laid down in 1949 by the American Association of University Professors: there shall be no political test of university employment.

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BESIDE THE POINT

I SEE by the papers that a tenant shot his landlord the other day because the landlord had given the tenant, or rather his apartment, only one coat of paint. I think the tenant was foolish.

I've worked out a system of dealing with my landlord which has at least kept me out of jail. And though, so far, I haven't got even a one-coat job, I've had a very instructive experience.

It was the episode of the bell that started me on my career of Teaching the Landlord. I don't know how many opportunities had leaned on my bell downstairs before I discovered that its mate upstairs was not responding. In my naivete—I had just moved in—I simply went to the landlord's apartment and knocked.

When he came to the door he had a very suspicious look on his face, but I was so innocent then that I ascribed it to the dim light in the hall—it's the dimmest you can get short of having no light at all.

"What is it?" he asked in a low, slow, cautious voice.

"I want to report," I said politely, "that my bell is out of order."

He fixed me with a cynical smile. "That bell," he said, "has worked all right for six years. The other tenant never complained about it."

I'm very impressionable and was on the point of confessing that I'd taken a hammer and smashed the bell, but I caught myself in time and merely said apologetically, "Well . . ."

He had shut the door by that time, and it wasn't until two in the morning that I realized that what I *should* have said was that maybe a bell that had worked for six years was entitled to wear out, and so on until five a. m.

It was then, too, that I decided on direct action. I left a note downstairs telling callers to ring the landlord's bell. That worked for a while—at least people got in. But on the way up they got such a bawling out from the landlord that when they arrived at my door they looked as if they wished they hadn't come and most of them stopped calling. Finally, when the landlord took the trouble to climb a flight of stairs and inform me that the other tenant's friends had never rung his doorbell, I knew my device had missed fire.

Obviously, my action wasn't direct enough. So when the door to the dining-room fell off its hinges I took a more drastic course. During the landlord's absence—he went to business so he'd be out when tenants called—I unscrewed the hinges on *his* door and waited for results. I heard the crash when he came in that evening, but unfortunately the door fell the other way.

However, still hopeful, I sent him a note—I had stopped speaking to him for fear of confessing that Laurel and Hardy were really the tenants of my apartment but had persuaded me, under duress, to sign the lease. In my note I observed that my dining-room door had fallen off and that I was sure he'd want to do something about it. His reply was in my mailbox the next morning. He said doors didn't fall off of their own accord and, furthermore, the dining-room door had never fallen off when the other tenant lived there.

For a while, I just let things go. But when the roof started leaking in six places about a year ago, I decided to resume my efforts. One week-end when the landlord was away, I drilled a hole through my kitchen floor at the exact point where the puddle collected after every rainstorm; and waited for results.

I'm still waiting, but it has been interesting. For a year now, after every rainstorm, I've sneaked down the fire escape, which is off the kitchen, to see what impression I was making on the landlord. He sits in his kitchen a good deal and his chair is right under the leak from my kitchen—I mean from his roof. The other evening I took up my vigil just as the drops began to come through. They were coming slowly, one drop at a time, and hitting his head every time. I stayed for half an hour, until the drops stopped dropping, and he never even looked up. I could see that his head was a little dented, but apparently he hasn't begun to feel it yet.

He will, though, in time. And I'm willing to wait a little longer.

Of course, the apartment is a good deal of a mess. I worked out a system of signals for letting my friends in and I decided long ago that it's silly to want a door to the dining-room. As a matter of fact, I chopped it up for firewood, and several other doors have gone the same way. I've been doing my cooking in the fireplace since the gas range went out two years ago, and you know how a fireplace eats up wood. Kerosene lamps are quite nice, though the wind blows them out sometimes and I suspect the living-room is going to be awfully cold this winter with six panes of glass gone. Especially since the radiators don't work. (When I complained about that, early in the game, I was told my complaint was silly because it's well known that heat always goes up.)

What really worries me is the falling plaster. My bedroom is safe because that ceiling is all down—it fell, fortunately, when I was out in back putting pails under leaks. But there are still a few large patches left, and my greatest fear is that the last patch in the kitchen will come down, stop up the hole in the floor, and put an end to my efforts to reach the mind of a landlord.

A shot might reach it quicker. Still, I think the tenant who tried that method was foolish. The landlord will have him in jail in no time. For it will be obvious to any jury that the other tenant didn't shoot him, and besides, as everybody knows, *the right to shoot the landlord is not in the lease.*

M. M.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

A Good Day For Mr. Tolstoy

ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

THE story opens two hours before daylight on the lagoons north of Venice. "The Colonel"—Richard Cantwell, ex-Brigadier General, aged fifty, and already under sentence of death—is going out to the duck-shooting. It is another of Hemingway's mornings—we've known them before, in Michigan, in Paris, in Wyoming, Africa, Spain, and Cuba—and for a moment an old spell is evoked: the cold half-light breaking over the islands, the ice-sheeted waters, the angry boatman flinging decoys from the boat, the first birds in the sky. Presently we cast back a day or two. The Colonel drives from his post-war station at Trieste to Venice. The Adriatic country he has known and loved since he fought in it as a boy in the other war unfolds its panorama of history and memories. He arrives at the Gritti Palace Hotel and goes to Harry's bar to meet the nineteen-year-old girl Renata whom he loves. From then on the tale recounts their last meetings, pledges of devotion, and defiance of despair until the Colonel, driving back to Trieste with his orderly, is killed by his heart and dies. His farewell to arms comes thirty years after Frederick Henry's and a dozen after Robert Jordan's, but he is essentially the same man, this time "half a hundred years" old.

This is the novel—Hemingway's fifth in thirty years of writing—we've awaited for ten years, certainly with every hope that it would augur the renewal of a talent that has given us several of the memorable books of the century. Briefly, it doesn't. What might, in, say, thirty pages, have been an effective *conte* on the order of "Francis Macomber" or "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," has been stretched, beaten out, and enervated to the length of three hundred. The drama is almost static. The talk, retaining only a few of its old living accents, develops unbelievable prodigies of flatness, mawkishness, repetition, and dead wastes of words. The Colonel, advertised as "perhaps the most complex character that Hemingway has ever presented," proves to be a stereotype of earlier heroes: another existential man at his rope's end, faithful only to the ritual of soldiering and love; and the girl Renata repeats the submissive child-lover of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," serving also as counterfoil to another familiar type, the bitch ex-wife—an ambitious woman journalist in this case—who has sealed Cantwell's scepticism of all but the most rudimentary forms of human or sexual traffic.

The reader inevitably arrives at this book with a complex conditioning. It is, first of all, offered as a by-product of the larger novel Hemingway has been writing since 1940. We remember how the earlier novels and tales stamped the modern imagination with some of its most memorable fables and images. But we are also perforce reminded of how many other assaults the force and stubborn integrity of these have met in the last twenty years—confused performances like "Death in the Afternoon" and "To Have and Have Not"; fiascos of ineptitude like "Green Hills of Africa" and "The Fifth Column"; the muddled power of "For Whom the Bell Tolls"; not to mention the dismal exhibitionism of the *Esquire* articles in the thirties or the self-exploiting public character of the interviews and photographs (in this latter department rivalled by nothing in recent literary history so much as by the visions we've had of Truman Capote). The resentment induced by all this has hardly been improved on hearing Hemingway deliver himself of statements like the following: "I started out very quiet and I beat Mr. Turgenev. Then I trained hard and I beat Mr. de Maupassant. I've fought two draws with Mr. Stendhal. . . . But nobody's going to get me in any ring with Mr. Tolstoy unless I'm crazy or I keep getting better." The modesty *vis-à-vis* Tolstoy is appreciated, but one wonders if a little less certainty about having worsted the Messrs. Turgenev, Maupassant, and Stendhal might not, to put it mildly, have been tactful, or done Mr. Hemingway a little good. Of course there was also that *New Yorker* profile last spring. With every allowance for calculated malice, one was left wondering what could possibly survive for the serious business of art and writing. The only answer provided by "Across the River" is: very little.

The obvious truth is that this new novel is the poorest thing its author has ever done—poor with a feebleness of invention, a dulness of language, and a self-parodying of style and theme even beyond "The Fifth Column" and "To Have and Have Not." It gives no sign of the latent rigor that has permitted Hemingway, in tales like "The Undefeated," "Old Man at the Bridge," "Macomber," and "Kilimanjaro," to pull himself together after he had given every evidence of having gone to pieces, and to declare his old powers. For a few small favors one must be grateful: this book at least lacks the supremely silly "(obscenity)" device that disfigured the pages of "For Whom the Bell Tolls." What one is left with (the analogy of Kipling once suggested by Edmund Wilson is again pertinent) is the impasse of routine mechanism and contrivance a talent arrives at when an inflexibly formulated conception of experience or humanity is pushed to the limits of its utility, excluding any genuine exploration of human complexity or any but the most brutally patented responses to character and conduct.

We are left to conclude that this talent, while nothing can efface what it achieved in at least two novels and a score of brilliant tales, will be subjected to some severely revised judgments in the coming years, and that when it is measured against some of its closer rivals—Fitzgerald, for instance, or Faulkner—it will meet rougher tests than the unlikely cases of Turgenev and Stendhal provide. "Across the River and into the Trees" (the title badly mars the fine rhythm of Stonewall Jackson's last words) is an occasion for little but exasperated depression. But we are promised another novel soon. We must wait for it. And see.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

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An Objective Report

NEW STAR IN THE NEAR EAST. By Kenneth W. Bilby. Doubleday and Company. $3.50

JEWISH newspapermen congregating at the Ritz Hotel in Tel Aviv during the feverish months after the emergence of the new state used to wonder skeptically what "they" made of it all. "They" were the non-Jewish correspondents of the great dailies who understood neither Hebrew nor Yiddish and were blandly innocent of a knowledge of either Zionism or Jewish history. This skepticism was not unmixed with resentment, for top-flight reporters were naturally favored with more scoops and important interviews than the devoted scribes who had known Ben Gurion "when." But the crux of the concern was whether "they," despite their opportunities, would be capable of a sympathetic understanding of the apocalyptic events they were privileged to view.

On this score the account of Kenneth Bilby, for two years correspondent of the *Herald Tribune* in Israel, is reassuring. He has proved to be an astute observer and, if to be "objective" means to be intellectually honest and without emotional commitments, the blurb on the jacket calling "New Star in the Near East" the "first completely objective report" on Israel is justified. But despite Mr. Bilby's fair, intelligent, and eminently readable report, one may question several of his major conclusions.

Mr. Bilby suggests that Israel accept another 200,000 Arab refugees. Such a number, in addition to the Arabs that have already returned, would constitute an Arab minority of close to 400,000 or one-third of the total population of the tiny Jewish state. Mr. Bilby admits Israel's desperate economic plight and the bellicose intentions of her neighbors, but he recommends this course as a matter of equity. Then, "if the Arabs still refuse peace, Israel can defend its moral position before the world."

I suppose this is a fair example of objectivity—an attempt to mediate reasonably between two conflicting claims, each not without merit. However, justice does not so conveniently repose in the middle. If the reasons that led to the creation of Israel are accepted as valid, why endanger the young state's viability by introducing a large, potentially hostile minority into its heart? Everyone who witnessed the puzzling phenomenon of the Arab exodus knows that they were not driven out by the Jews but fled in a mass panic deliberately stimulated by their leaders. As long as the Arab states refuse to make peace with Israel, a further increase of its already sizable Arab minority would not only add intolerable strains to its economy but might prove suicidal in case of conflict. The example of Korea has shown the menace of infiltrees; small, overburdened Israel can hardly afford to gamble on the good faith of "refugees" whose identities can never be adequately checked. Particularly since the Arab states have at their disposal huge underpopulated lands crying out for manpower, a population transfer would appear to be the fairer solution.

Mr. Bilby gives us illuminating glimpses of the Arab mind. "The Jews have their desert, we have our oil," a Lebanese economist tells him. The Arab expectation that Israel's economic collapse will provide the victory not achieved on the battle-field is unconcealed. That is another reason why the Arab states insist on the return of Arab refugees instead of coming to their aid.

Though the author is genuinely understanding of the reasons, physical and psychic, which drive the Jews of Africa and the Orient to Israel, he questions the policy of unrestricted immigration. But the moment of the "Return" cannot be chosen. When the Knesset recently passed the "Law of the Return," permitting every Jew to enter the Jewish state, Israeli parliamentarians were indulging in that irritating combination of realistic political calculation and Biblical romanticism so baffling to the outsider, yet vital to Israel.

In a revealing paragraph the author counsels: "Clear the atmosphere of messianic overtones, subordinate the emotionalism of redemption, cast off the Zionist superlatives; then accept Israel for what it is—a hard-working little state, long on brain power, short on natural resources."

This is good advice which Israel cannot take. No matter how much we may dislike "Zionist superlatives" or recoil from messianic rhetoric, the fact remains that from the lunatic dedication of the pioneers to the ghostly flight from the death-chambers, the realization of Zionism has been a messianic enterprise. Without this irrational compulsion Israel would not have arisen. It still needs the same motive power to survive. I suppose a word more intelligible and less offensive to modern ears would be "morale." Israel's morale stems from the literal conviction that its travails are "the pangs of the Messiah" without which neither a new state nor a new people can be born.

To understand his patient a good psychiatrist is supposed to be a trifle mad. In the same way the gushing American

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Zionist who crows "miraculous" may hit nearer home than Mr. Bilby's more collected appraisal, which leads him to underplay the siege of Jerusalem and the odds against which the Jews fought. With this reservation, the book is fresh, lively, and honest. We get a penetrating view of the young Israelis "who are as free from complexes as an Indiana farmer," as well as of Arab political leaders and intellectuals. "New Star in the Near East" is well worth reading.

MARIE SYRKIN

Two English Novelists

MARIA EDGEWORTH. By P. H. Newby. English Novelists Series. Alan Swallow. $2.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By Beatrice Curtis-Brown. English Novelists Series. Alan Swallow. $2.

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH was an eighteenth-century Irish gentleman of exuberant taste and the Utilitarian persuasion. Designing machines, improving acres, and pushing progressive education in the world, at home he addressed to his four wives and twenty-two children a tiresome morality, juiced with anecdote but pitched on a level that viewed the Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow soliloquy as a rap at procrastination. On at least one of his auditors, his daughter Maria, he exerted a prodigious though uncertain influence. Unselfishly and even foolishly molding herself to his die, she was slave, secretary, public, and eventually, as biographer, trustee. She never married and spent most of her days in Ireland supervising estates and children.

Except for the fact that she was one of the most popular English novelists of the early nineteenth century, there is nothing remarkable about Maria Edgeworth. But her twenty volumes of novels and stories (mainly written versions of tales told in the nursery) delighted children and pleased their elders. For the most part these compositions constitute a massive dramatic representation of the simplest difference between vice and virtue, though her best book, "Castle Rackrent" is not only a plea for responsible ownership, but "an impetus for the writing of all regional fiction," as well as an early study of peasant dignity.

The story of these stories and their author is nicely told by P. H. Newby, who makes no extravagant claims. Just occasionally the writing is sloppy. Too frequently the need to confine the history of father, daughter, and literary offspring to the hundred-page limit of the English Novelists Series leads to awkward transition and unsatisfactory arrangement.

More skilful elimination has almost enabled Miss Curtis-Brown to solve the difficult problems inherent in a short critique of Anthony Trollope. She misses the color of Philistia's prophet who worked in hunting clothes so as not to miss the hounds. She has not time to weigh that literary butterfly, Mrs. Trollope, in the balance of her son's career. The very concision of Miss Curtis-Brown's work tends to make us forget the awful prolixity of Trollope's, and, as she makes no mention of them, the poor quality of such ignoble endeavors as "Tales of All Countries." What she does furnish is a competent analysis of the Trollope technique, a guide to the multivolumed forest of his works. Trollope's peculiar *enjambement* style where each sentence is rooted in the preceding sentence is noted. His ability to frame a scene, and his talent for the behavioristic expression of character, are properly praised. His characteristic moral problem, "the conflict between what a man or woman wants and what they think they want," is defined and traced, and the shabbiness of his solution gently deplored. Finally, Miss Curtis-Brown makes an original contribution in a chapter suggesting the effect of Trollope's Post Office career on his adult sense of the important, his never-failing attention to the vital center of life. Miss Curtis-Brown's own adult sense of the important, the restraint of her admiration, and the perceptive delicacy of her quotation suggest another point that she is perhaps too modest to mention. It would appear that Trollope, who is not only nothing but readable but nothing else as well, has the best-trained public of the nineteenth-century greats.

JOSEPH KRAFT

The Venice Biennale

THE very size of the Biennale*, not to speak of its setting in a heavily scented tropical garden in a heavy climate, is guaranteed to weary the visitor. It would be bearable if only we could take our pick and ignore the rest, but this is precisely what we cannot do, since one of our reasons for

* Twenty-fifth International Biennial Exhibition of Figurative Arts.

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being there is to make fresh discoveries, and that means we must omit nothing. We suspect that our staying-power is on trial and, like Papageno, we resent it.

This is inevitable, no doubt. Still we feel that it is up to the organizers to make things as easy as possible for us. The way to do so would be to give the sprawling mass some shape! First, by providing a nucleus, a single large exhibition on a particular theme—like the Museum of Modern Art's "Cubism and Abstract Art" or "Fantastic Art, Dada, and Surrealism"; second, by making the one-man shows comprehensive and definitive; third, by uncrowded and imaginative hanging. But what has in fact been done? In most of the pavilions the works are desperately overcrowded—most especially where a number of beautiful sculptures and drawings by Henri Laurens are piled up in a room needing only a handful of visitors to recall the cabin in "A Night at the Opera." Too many of the one-man exhibitions are scrappy and haphazard in selection. And there is no centerpiece. Instead, the main hall of the *Palazzo Centrale* is partitioned into three rooms containing anthologies of the Fauves—sixty pictures by ten artists, including an impressive selection of Derain; *Quatro Maestri del Cubismo*—forty pictures of the period 1906-15 by Picasso, Braque, Gris, and Léger; and the Futurists—forty pictures by five artists. This policy provides a valuable opportunity for comparison—a comparison that should also take account of the *Blaue Reiter* exhibition in the German pavilion. But it also demands that the selections should make up in perfection what they lack in size, and this they cannot be said to do.

The Cubist show, including though it does some superb Picassos, is particularly inadequate. Even so, this room is probably the finest in the entire Biennale. For Cubism satisfies the criterion by which we can recognize a great style: that we can still see how daring it was in its time, yet can now see that what it dared *had* to be done. Cubism possesses the one quality common to all great art—a sense of wonder. It has the mystery and imaginative intensity engendered by the concretion of a paradox, the paradox that objects broken into fragments sent floating into space acquire more gravity than they reveal when all of a piece. It is the magic of Cubism that makes it endure, and it is precisely this magic that is lacking in the products of those abstract artists, of whom there are large numbers at the Biennale, especially in the Italian pavilion, who have thought that, by using forms like those of the Cubists but suppressing the reference to objects which gave those forms meaning they are carrying Cubism to its logical conclusion. (They are, of course, in the sense that life's logical conclusion is death.) For the Cubists were not juggling with shapes out of Euclid: they were juggling with reality, losing it in order to find it.

Of the numerous one-man shows, I have space enough only to enumerate the most interesting: a good selection of drawings by Seurat marred by the absence of an example of his free and dramatic type of landscape: a roomful of Rousseau including three or four doubtful works but also some of his finest pictures from French and American private collections; an exhibition, which has aroused much excitement, of the least-known major artist of recent times, Medardo Rosso, who in the 1890's defied all the conventions of sculpture by modelling heads so evanescent and impalpable as to give credence to his statement that "Nothing is material save space; all is but air and light." As for living artists, the one whose work I found most satisfying was that of Laurens during the last twenty years. The component forms of these sculptures tend to be bulbous or banana-like, but so perfectly do they function together that the whole is all life, lightness, and grace. And they make no concessions to prettiness or tastefulness in being the most lyrical sculptures of our time.

A large retrospective of John Marin dominates the American pavilion. It is certainly proper that this artist, whose work is as unfamiliar as his name is familiar in Europe, should have a one-man show at the Biennale. Yet I must confess that, on meeting his work for the first time here, the expectations aroused by reproductions were disappointed. His art seemed too slight to be tolerable in such quantities—more than fifty works in an idiom at once tenuous and monotonous. Six other painters are represented in the American pavilion by five or fewer pictures apiece—Bloom, Gatch, Lebrun, Gorky, Pollock, and de Kooning. If this pavilion is indeed representative, American painting has fallen prey to a Germanic overestimation of the importance of self-expression—whether in the tradition of ham-fisted paint-curdling illustration which stems from Albert Pinkham Ryder and Max Weber, or in that of frenetic automatism which stems from the early Kandinsky. Both these tendencies represent the seamier side of America—sentimentalism, hysteria, and an undirected and undisciplined exuberance. There is no echo at the Biennale of the quality in which America's greatness lies—its use of technology to make the most of nature. Yet such echoes do exist, in Lloyd Wright and in Calder. The difference between Calder and Pollock or Gorky is that Calder does not compose merely in accordance with his private emotional needs, but with natural laws of gravity and equilibrium, since his constructions, in order to exist, have to function perfectly. He thereby reflects the essential genius of America—its capacity to make things work.

In conclusion, a word about the prize-giving. Matisse was the champion painter, Zadkine the winning sculptor. This latter choice was much criticized: many thought Laurens should have had it. While concurring with this criticism, I would make a more general one. These prizes, if they are to mean anything, should be awarded to artists young enough not to have acquired an international reputation. And my vote would have gone to the Mexican painter Rufino Tamayo and the Austrian sculptor Fritz Wotruba.

DAVID SYLVESTER

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Records

B. H. HAGGIN

WHAT I describe as the sound of the following recordings is what was produced by the limited-range phonograph (Victor Demonstration Model with G. E. variable reluctance cartridge) on which I played them in the country.

Two more early Haydn symphonies have been issued by the Haydn Society (HSLP 1009). No. 22 ("Der Philosoph") (1764) has a very impressive *Adagio* first movement; the rest is only mildly engaging, and nothing is done for it by the performance of the Vienna Symphony under Sternberg. No. 35 (1767) has a first movement which is mostly energetic figures with few clearly shaped ideas, and which is played well by the same orchestra and conductor; a charming second movement, which is taken a little too fast for *Andante;* a fairly engaging Minuet with a charming Trio; and an engaging finale, which is played a little stiffly. Violins are sharp in the sound of No. 22; that of No. 35 is more solid and spacious and better in all ways.

Another Haydn Society record (1014) offers the Violin Concerto in G (1761), well played by Edith Bertschinger and the Vienna Collegium Musicum under Anton Heiller, and the Cembalo Concerto in G (1772), well played by Erna Heiller and the same orchestra and conductor. Each has a first movement which bustles along with no compactness of ideas or structure, but with occasional charming details; a fine slow movement; and a less good finale which bustles along again. As the second work comes off the record, the solo harpsichord seems to be some distance away, and the orchestra to be near in the *tutti's* but to recede to where the harpsichord is in the solo passages.

And on still another Haydn Society record (1012) is Mozart's Serenade K.320, played by the Vienna State Opera (Philharmonic) Orchestra under Sternberg. It is a fine work; and one hears also the playing of a finer orchestra in a performance which is well paced most of the time but a little slow and stodgy in the finale. Violins sound sharp, and treble must be reduced to minimum.

RCA Victor has issued Mozart's Symphony in E flat K.543, played by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky. The silken playing of the orchestra is well suited to this lovely work, which Koussevitzky plays straightforwardly and acceptably for the most part. The exception is the second movement, which not only is much slower than any possible *Andante con moto* but into which Koussevitzky introduces arch hesitations and preparatory retardations. The recorded sound is confused at times from reverberation in the hall and the unusually heavy rumbling of the kettledrums.

What seems to me the finest performance of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony I have heard on records is the one in which Krips conducts the London Symphony on a London record (LPS 209)—its outstanding merit, for me, being the steadiness with which it achieves dramatic power and serenity. It is well reproduced except for the weakness of some of the plucked bass notes in the second movement.

Roger Sessions's Symphony No. 2 won this year's Naumberg Foundation American Composition Award, which provided for recording by Columbia. On the jacket of the record Mr. Sessions informs us that his music is always expressive in intent; but I must report concerning this symphony that its expressive intent is not communicated to me. He also informs us that in composing he follows "the impulsion of the musical ideas themselves, in terms of the melody, rhythm, and harmony"; but I must report my inability to hear any such impulsion in this work. What I can say is that the performance by the New York Philharmonic under Mitropoulos seems excellent, and is well reproduced.

On another Columbia record is Norman Della Joio's Concerto for harp and orchestra, composed for Thomas Scherman's Little Orchestra Society, which plays it with Edward Vito. By the evidence of the sounds which come off the record Mr. Della Joio is a composer—someone who puts sounds together into pieces of music; but by the same evidence he is, for me, a composer who has nothing to say with all those sounds he puts together. On the reverse side is the previously issued David Diamond Music for "Romeo and Juliet."

CONTRIBUTORS

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL, professor of English at the University of Chicago, is the author of "Literary Opinion in America" and editor of "The Portable Conrad."

MARIE SYRKIN is the author of "Blessed Is the Match. The Story of Jewish Resistance."

JOSEPH KRAFT is writing a book about Alexis de Tocqueville.

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Letters to the Editors

An Apology

Dear Sirs: In answer to Mr. Joynes's complaint in your issue of August 19 [that Nacogdoches—which Groucho Marx once said was "full of roaches"—is in Texas, not Louisiana], it was Kyle Crichton's error, not mine. I clearly told him Nacogdoches, Texas. Or perhaps not too clearly, for at the moment I was gnawing away at cut plug, and it's difficult to be a silver-tongued orator with a mouth full of Mail Pouch.

At any rate, I want to apologize to everyone in Louisiana for pushing Nacogdoches over into their state. I assure you it will never happen again, unless Crichton writes another book about the Marx Brothers and I happen to have a mouth full of chewing tobacco.

GROUCHO MARX

Los Angeles, August 24

The Fatal Gamble

Dear Sirs: I have just finished Edge of a Precipice, by Lillie Shultz [The *Nation*, August 19], and my feeling is one of such complete hopelessness and fear that life just now seems almost meaningless. For the past months, I have been following the Korean situation, at first hoping that American action in sending troops would be followed by attempts by both us and the Russians to keep the world situation from further deteriorating. But it seems that we have not only fumbled the ball but lost it altogether.

Obviously, the Russians are not helping the situation. But what in heaven's name makes American leaders so blind, so stupid, and so stubborn that they cannot see that they are gambling with the fate of the world? How can they even consider defending Formosa? Why are they completely reversing their decisions in regard to Chiang? Why don't they make an honest effort to win the millions of people in Asia and Europe to our side by doing the right thing for just once? First Franco, then Chiang, probably German fascist elements next—we are helping all the people who not only don't deserve it but who can do us the least possible good. Why don't we stop worrying about what the Russians are going to do and do something positive ourselves, instead of continually taking a negative attitude to counteract some future possible move? Why are we so afraid of losing face by taking an action or making a decision the Russians happen to favor, even though it might possibly help world peace? Why can't we follow the example of some of our Allies who appear to think *once* in a while?

The thought of another war in which certainly everything we hold dear would be destroyed is horrible. Isn't there some way we can make ourselves heard above the voices of politicians seeking election, business men seeking profit, and generals seeking power? Can't *The Nation* organize some kind of an action which could make itself felt? No doubt President Truman has never even read or considered the truth of such articles as have been lately appearing in *The Nation* discussing what our policy might be and how our present actions can lead to disaster.

If anything is to be done, the time is immediately, for each new day may see the final precipitating action which will close the door to peace. I urge the editors of *The Nation* to consider by what means the American people can make their wishes for peace felt, and what, if any, are the possibilities of showing our leaders in Washington that there is another point of view if they are looking for peace.

[Name Withheld by Request]

Lawrence, Mass., August 23

An Inaccurate Report?

Dear Sirs: I am very much concerned by the remarks [in the issue of August 5] of your anonymous German correspondent, Carolus, concerning the Berlin Congress. His observations are so unfounded and inaccurate as to produce in my mind, at least (I was at the Berlin Congress), an impression of deliberate misrepresentation. In the first place, the congress was not composed of "renegade Communists." Some ex-Communists were present, of course, but does Carolus advocate the exclusion of ex-Communists from democratic meetings? (Or just the exclusion of those ex-Communists who insist on attacking communism?)

In the second place, it is entirely false to suggest that the congress—or even the ex-Communists present—regarded the words "Social Democrat" and "Labor Party" as an "abomination." Carolus completely distorts Koestler's views. Koestler said that the conflict between capitalism and socialism was obsolete for reasons with which any New Dealer or democratic Socialist would agree; because, as democratic capitalism has moved in the direction of increasing social control, and as democratic socialism has rejected the notion of total state control, they have come to occupy the same ground and

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the differences between them are no longer matters of principle. Koestler never for a moment repudiated social justice; he attacked the Labor Party on a single point—its opposition to European unity, as in the case of the Schuman Plan. Most European Socialists would agree with Koestler on this point.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

S.S. Ile de France, August 9

Scandinavia and Korea

Dear Sirs: I have just returned from a trip to Finland, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. Besides visiting factories, farms, and penal institutions, I interviewed editors, government officials, labor and cooperative leaders, and the common people in every walk of life. In general there seemed to be approval of the defense of Southern Korea by the United States and the United Nations. But people were critical of the American government for not having made clear long ago that it would defend South Korea if it were attacked. Instead we withdrew our troops, and many of our officials stated publicly that we expected all Korea to be taken over by the Communists eventually. Thus the Scandinavians believed we invited the attack.

People were even more critical of American refusal to accept Nehru's proposal that the new Chinese Communist government be recognized provided the invading Northern Korean forces withdrew to their own borders. They were under the impression that, while Russia had accepted this proposal, the United States had blocked it.

The opinion of leaders varied according to their party. Mr. Tanner, former Foreign Minister of Finland, was strong in the belief that Russia should be put in its place once for all. He quoted with evident relish the statement of Winston Churchill that in the last war "we slaughtered the wrong pig."

In Norway I found the most enthusiastic backers of American policy. On the other hand, a strong Communist movement existed which, I was told, included even the Foreign Minister's brother. Among the trade unionists there seemed to be a belief that the United States was too belligerent.

The people of Sweden were the most severe critics of American policy and thought their country was very wise to stay out of the Atlantic Pact. One man told me, "Everyone knows that the South Korean government was corrupt. Its rulers have not hesitated to murder anyone they really wished to get rid of. Is it not possible that as the United States begins to drive back the North Korean armies, it will find itself actually fighting *all* the Korean people?" Another told me of Communist propaganda in Seoul prior to the present conflict. The Communist pamphlets read something like this:

> Which kind of democracy do you wish? American democracy practices racial inequality; it has lynchings and the Negro cannot vote. Soviet democracy means racial equality for all peoples and everyone can vote.
>
> American democracy means economic exploitation to enrich the monopolists, Soviet democracy means the economic life is run for the common people.

This same individual told me that under the American occupation the streets of Seoul were littered with garbage. Communist propaganda asked whether the South Koreans wished a democracy so bad that they could not even keep the streets clean.

In Denmark many of the people feel critical of Sweden for refusing to join a Scandinavian alliance, thereby in effect forcing the Danish government to enter the Atlantic Pact.

Most of the people in Scandinavia seemed grateful to America for such financial aid as had been extended. But they were appalled at the suggestion that their military appropriations must be increased merely because the United States was fighting in Korea.

The Scandinavian countries have a healthy democracy. There is none of the hysteria against reds so prevalent in the United States. Finns living under the shadow of Russia do not hesitate to say anything they like against the Soviets. Neither do they fear to criticize the West for having air bases all over the world. Furthermore, the people are not afraid of government ownership of such things as railroads, telegraph, and radio. The welfare programs in Scandinavia have gone far toward protecting the citizen from the cradle to the grave. Everywhere the individual has protection against illness, old age, and unemployment. Allowances for babies are widespread. The cooperative movement has grown until it is one of the strongest in the world. In short, Scandinavia is still practicing the middle way. It is neither capitalistic nor communistic. It has tried to adopt the social and economic programs which will best meet the needs of the country and the people.

JEROME DAVIS

Boulder, Col., August 10

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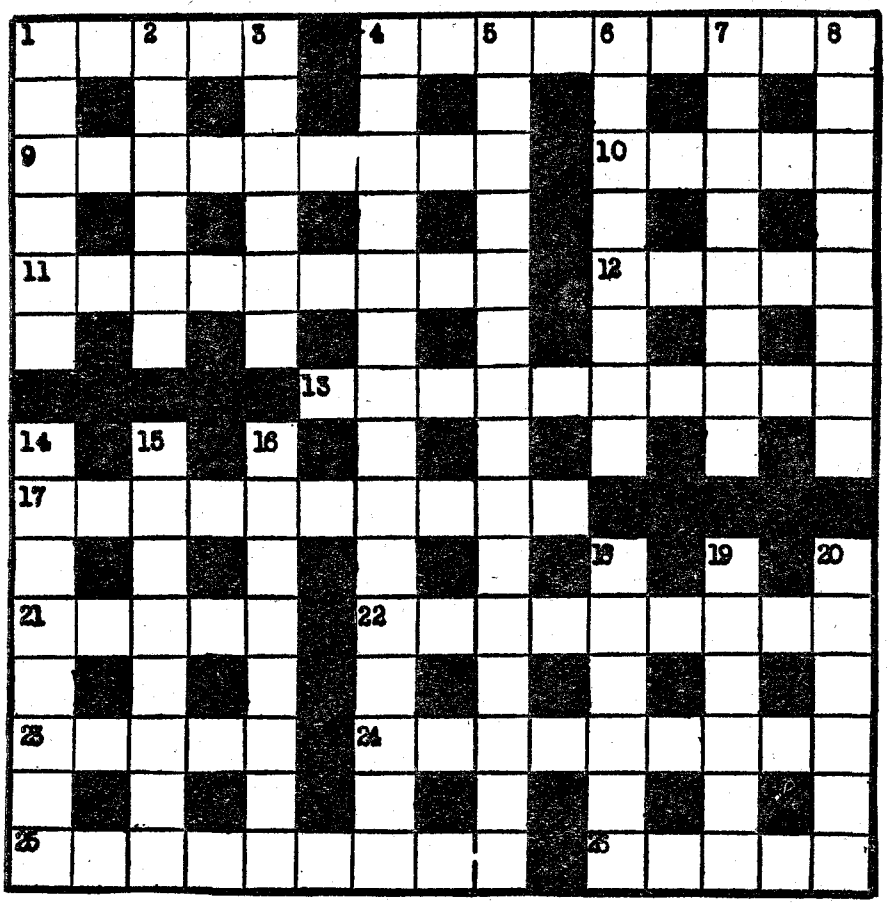
Crossword Puzzle No. 378

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Regularly pursued course, or part thereof.
4 Brands, yet frequently innocent.
9 Lady mail-carrier. (4, 2, 3)
10 One of these might be derelict.
11 *Dolce, Tony!* More than one on the bean!
12 Colony where everyone's in a coma.
13 Chain store for retired people.
17 Having a speaking acquaintance with something?
21 Katisha was such a daughter-in-law!
22 Is the main thing the new pills are against changed?
23 Might imply a rope-end.
24 Doctor I go to lots!
25 Missed tea, but here for coffee.
26 An unready king lost a Red following for her.

DOWN

1 Not a subject to disagree with!
2 Byron's girl walked in it.
3 Sings for the underground folk.
4 Naval academies for old grappling operations? (8, 7)
5 Doesn't suggest Newmarket as a place where one could buy the rest of the watch. (6–4, 5)
6 The locale of Irving's tales.
7 A fine beginning for a neighborhood store!
8 It's what you get for stimulation!
14 Some investigators thought everyone in Hollywood should be!
15 Vestibule where the chips are down?
16 Securities might be good in this.
18 French word for a sort of tailless leopard.
19 Tail-end of a painter's coat, perhaps.
20 That's what you get for letting things out!

—□—

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 377

ACROSS:—1 and 6 ALL HANDS ON DECK; 10 DEBTORS; 11 DAUPHIN; 12 ARTFULLY; 13 BANFF; 15 ABYSS; 17 SUCCESSES; 19 SAWHORSES; 21 LAPSE; 23 RHOMB; 24 ATAVISMS; 27 DELILAH; 28 INDENTS; 29 EDDY; 30 ESCALATORS.

DOWN:—1 AIDA; 2 LIBERTY; 3 ALOOF; 4 DISCLOSES; 5 ODDLY; 7 ECHINUS; 8 KINGFISHER; 9 DUMBBELL; 14 CAT'S CRADLE; 16 SHOEBILL; 18 COSTA RICA; 20 WHORLED; 22 PIMENTO; 24 ACHES; 25 INDIA; 26 USES.

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